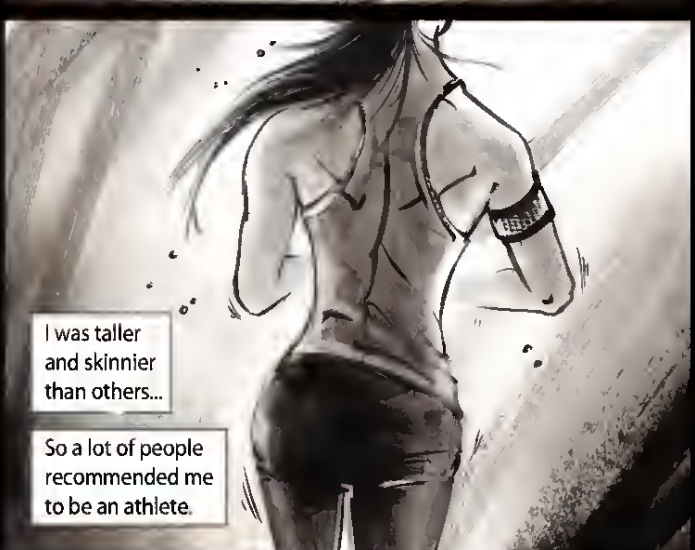
Proudly presented by **Tapastic**



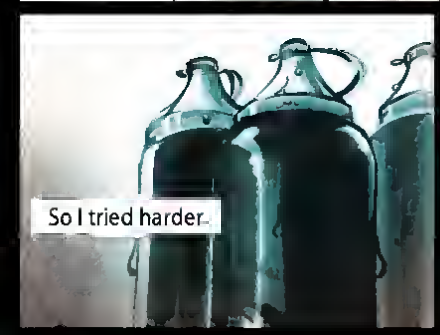
Honestly, I just liked running. My goal wasn't to beat others.

When I ran, the cool breeze brushed off my sweat and made me happy.

Also, my mom was always waiting for me at the finish line. Always. She didn't miss it even once.

I loved it. My mom always congratulated me with a big smile on her face.

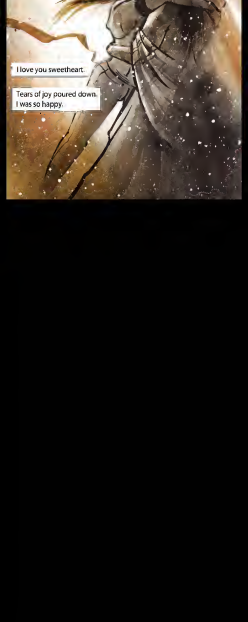
So I ran faster. The faster I ran, the quicker I could get back to my mom.



So I tried harder.

I gave it my all without stopping to rest.

Finally, when I finished first...


...she hugged me as she did when I was little.
With a big smile.
good job, great job.
I love you sweetheart.
Tears of joy poured down.
I was so happy.

So... I want to go home now.
I need to run to my mom again.
I can't stay here like this.
I want to go back so badly.
My mom's waiting for me.
Please. Don't kill me.
Please...please...

Please, just cut other parts of my body.

Don't touch my legs, not my legs...

Please. My mom's waiting for me.

Please...please...

Hey, hey. No... no

Not my legs...

HOMESICK

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